

FIRST AND FOURTH BOOKS

OF
THE ODES OF HORACE.

Printed by JAMES BATESON, *Denmark Street, Soho.*

8
6/2

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THE ODES OF HORACE.
ENGLISH VERSE.

Printed by JAMES BATHSON, Duncannon Street, 2nd ed.

London:

PRINTED FOR JOHN HATCHARD
BOOKSELLER TO HER MAJESTY
OPPOSITE BURLINGTON HOUSE, PICCADILLY
M DCC XCIX

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Horatius Flaccus 12
OF

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ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS! in whose honour'd line
Etruria's ancient Monarch's shine!
Whose smiles exalt me, and defend;
My pride, my Patron, and my Friend!
There are, who, on the chariots height,
To raise th' Olympic dust, delight;
The glowing axle taught to roll
Precise, around the untouch'd goal,
And glorious palm, the Victor's prize,
Exalt these mortals to the skies.
The man, whom Rome's inconstant race
With threefold honours vie to grace,
Or him, whose ample barns contain
The harvests of the Libyan plain,

Contented with laborious hand
 To till his own paternal land,
 Not Attalus, with all his store
 Could lure to venture from the shore,
 And, trembling on the Cyprian prow,
 Behold the billows dash below.
 The merchant, while the rude winds sweep,
 In conflict wild, th' Icarian deep,
 To praise his native village loves,
 Its green retreats and rural groves:
 Scarce reach'd this blest abode of leisure,
 Content, tranquillity, and pleasure,
 From Poverty's terrific form,
 He flies to sea, and braves the storm.
 There are, who half their day to lose,
 With gen'rous Massic ne'er refuse,
 Their careless limbs luxurious laid
 Beneath the verdant arbuté's shade,
 Or where the sacred fountain's head
 First bubbles o'er its pebbled bed:
 Yet more delight in tented plains,
 The trumpet, and shrill clarion's strains:
 And war's a name of woe and fear,
 To ev'ry heart-struck mother's ear.

Forgetful

Forgetful of his wedded fair,
 The hunter braves th' inclement air,
 While now, the flying deer in view,
 His faithful dogs the game pursue;
 Now struggling in the artful snares,
 Th' indignant boar his fetters tears.

Me, the light ivy's learned wreath
 Can raise empyrean air to breathe:

Me, the cool forest's dark retreat,
 And choirs of nymphs, and satyrs' feat,
 Distinguish from the vulgar throng;

If bright Euterpe aid my song;

Nor Polyhymnia, sweetest muse,

To touch her Lesbian Lyre refuse.

But ah! should you your poet deign

To number in the Lyric train,

From earth my tow'ring head will rise,

And strike sublime the starry skies.

ODE II.

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

TOO long the Thund'ers dread command,
 In vengeance to a guilty land,
 Hath wing'd his hail, and giv'n the snows to beat ;
 While, at yon Temple's rocking tow'r's,
 His red arm launch'd sulphureous showers,
 And shook with awe the World's imperial seat.
 The trembling Nations, wrapt in silent dread,
 Fear'd the dire woes of Pyrrha's age renew'd,
 When to the lofty mountain's head
 Old Proteus drove his scaly brood ;
 When high amid the leafy grove
 The finny race entangled strove
 Where late the Turtle's note was heard,
 And stags, a fearful tribe, amid the stream appear'd.

 And we have seen rough Tiber flow,
 Th' avenger of his Iliad's woe,
 Rushing fierce with waves of foam ;

And

And, dash'd from off th' Etruscan shore,
 His mad destructive current pour
 To Numa's tow'rs and Vesta's sacred dome.
 Eager to loathe his much-complaining bride,
 By sweet revenge, and blinded by his love,
 O'er his left bank he spreads his tide,
 And dares oppose the will of Jove.
 Rome's thin remains in distant times
 Shall curse their impious parents' crimes,
 And faulchions stain'd with kindred blood,
 Whose fury, well-employ'd, the Persian had subdued.
 What hymns can Vesta's wrath appease?
 What God is nam'd in Jove's decrees,
 T'atone the guilt of Cæsar's blood?
 O deign a falling state to hear!
 Bright Pow'r of Auguries appear,
 Thy glories shaded in an amber cloud!
 Come, smiling queen, array'd in all thy charms,
 Round whom gay love and pleasure ever shine!
 Relent, impetuous Pow'r of arms,
 And save thy long-forgotten line!
 O cease, thy children to destroy,
 Thou who seest with gloomy joy,

The fierce moor rushing to the fight,
Pleas'd with the din of war and flashing armour's light.

But say, what deity appears?

What God that youthful semblance wears?

Hail, son of Maia! Hermes hail!

Propitious pow'r! by thee be paid

The vengeance due to Cæsar's shade:

Oh! let the pray'rs of guilty Rome prevail!

Late may'st thou re-assume thy native skies,

Long may Hesperia bless thy happy reign!

Long may'st thou glad thy people's eyes,

And lead the long triumphal train.

Here, with a Sov'reign's honours, claim

A father's more endearing name,

Nor let the Mede, insulting foe,

Securely dare to vaunt, while Cæsar reigns below.

ODE III.

TO THE SHIP WHICH CARRIED VIRGIL
TO ATHENS.

THE Goddess of the Cyprian Green,
The Brothers of the Spartan Queen,
Beaming from stars of light a friendly ray,
And he whose pow'r the tempest binds,
Restraining all save western winds,
So guide thee on thy way.

Lov'd Bark! as, to thy duty just,
Thou giv'st once more thy sacred trust,
My absent Virgil, to this anxious heart:
Oh, safe from peril, I implore,
Waft gently to th' Athenian shore
My Soul's far better part!

Sure

Sure oak and triple brass were bound
 That hardy mortal's breast around,
 Who first dar'd Ocean's unknown depths to brave;
 Who first his fragile bark resign'd,
 Advent'rous, to the driving wind
 And unrelenting wave!

Nor fear'd the blast of Lybia join'd
 In conflict with the northern wind,
 The wat'ry Hyads, nor loud Auster's power
 At whose high bidding, on the deep,
 The Adriatic billows sleep,
 Or black'ning tempests low'r.

What form of death his soul could awe,
 Whose steady eye unalter'd saw
 Th' unwieldy tribes of Ocean tumbling round,
 Who saw unmov'd the swelling deep,
 And fell Acroceraunias steep
 For many a wreck renown'd?

In vain creative Wisdom's hand,
 Amid the widely-sever'd land,
 In length unfocial pour'd the hoary tides;

If, heedless of the high decree,
 O'er ev'ry interdicted sea
 The impious vessel glides,

To suff'ring steel'd, perversely bold,
 Man grasps the woe the Gods withhold,
 And fondly rushes on forbidden ill :
 With fatal fraud, Prometheus won
 Th' ethereal flame : a world undone,
 Yet mourns his baleful skill.

Hence, loos'd o'er earth's fair face to range,
 A host of spectres new and strange,
 Gaunt famine stalk'd, and fevers fiery race ;
 And death, till then a distant foe,
 With gradual step advancing flow,
 Insatiate urg'd his pace.

Amid the azure void of Heaven,
 On plumes to mortals never giv'n,
 His trackless way the Cretan next essay'd :
 The toil of Hercules defy'd,
 Black Acheron's opposing tide,
 And burst th' infernal shade.

The

The darings of the human mind
 No awe can check, no limits bind;
 To heav'n itself our senseless pride aspires,
 Nor Jove, so fast our crimes increase,
 Can give his vengeance pause, or cease
 To grasp his angry fires.

ODE IV.

TO SEXTIUS.

FROM soft Favonius and the Spring,
 Sweet change! rude Winter spreads his parting wing.
 Again the vessel seeks the main;
 No silver frosts bestrew the whiten'd plain;
 No more the ploughman trims his fire,
 Nor drooping cattle to the shed retire:
 Beneath the soft Moon's trembling rays
 Bright Cytherea leads the festive maze;
 Light Nymphs and smiling Graces round,
 With feet alternate, shake the echoing ground;
 While deep in Ætna's thundring caves
 Stern Vulcan toils amid his glowing slaves.
 With myrtles twine we now our heads,
 Or flow'rs, sweet offspring of the soften'd meads:
 To Faunus, now, be duly paid
 A lamb or kidling in the leafy shade.

Pale

Pale death affails, with equal pow'r,
The peasant's cot,—the monarch's regal tow'r.

Ah, Sextius! life's uncertain span
Forbids a distant hope to mortal man.

Black night expects you, and the train
Of fabled ghosts, and Pluto's airy reign.

There, never shall the die be cast,
To chuse the monarch of the genial feast.

None there can Lycidas admire,
Whom maids now envy, but shall soon desire,

ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

WHAT graceful youth, in liquid odours drest,
 Beneath some Caverns grateful shade,
 On beds of fresh-blown roses laid,
 Inconstant Pyrrha! with thy charms is blest?

For whom thy radiant tresses dost thou twine
 In simple elegance array'd?
 Too lovely, too bewitching maid!
 Ah luckless they to whom untry'd you shine!

How little recks he of the faithless wind,
 Who now enjoys thy golden smile,
 And, fondly credulous the while,
 Still free, still constant, hopes thy love to find!

How is he doom'd to mourn, unhappy youth!
 And gaze with looks aghast, and weep;
 While blackning tempests ride the deep,
 His alter'd Gods and ill-requited truth!

Thus

Thus must the lost, unwary youth complain :—
 Long since escap'd the billows, I
 My votive tablet hung on high,
 And dripping weeds, in Neptune's sacred fane.

ODE VI.

TO AGRIPPA.

VARIUS, whose lofty wing pursues
 The flight of the Mæonian muse,
 Shall sing thee brave, and victor o'er the foe :
 What wreaths of fame, by thee inspir'd,
 The hardy vet'ran hath acquir'd,
 On the swift steed, or galley's martial prow.

Not these to sing my strains aspire ;
 Nor stern Pelides' deadly ire,
 Ulysses' woes, nor Pelops' blood-stain'd line :
 The lyric muse, unwarlike maid,
 And shame, forbid me to degrade
 With feeble praise Augustus' fame, and thine.

The raging Deity of Fight,
 In adamantinè armour bright
 What mortal hand can paint in colours just !

Or Diomede, by Pallas' aid
 A match for Gods in combat made,
 Or furious Merion, black with Trojan dust ?

Sharp combats, where some nymph affails
 Her forward swain with close-par'd nails,
 And banquets gay, my humble muse detain :
 To these I tune my vacant lyre ;
 Or, if I burn with am'rous fire,
 'Tis no unwonted folly prompts my strain.

ODE VII.

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

The Rhodian Tow'rs some love to praise,
 Or boast the fair Ephesian domes,
 Or Corinth, in whose ample bays
 The fever'd main indignant foams.

Theffalian Tempe's sweet abodes,
 Or Mitilene some refound ;
 Or Thebes and Delphi, seats of Gods !
 For Bacchus' birth and Phœbus' shrine renown'd.

There are whose endless numbers love
 Minerva's Attic bow'rs to praise ;
 From ev'ry leaf that shades the grove
 They cull the Olive, to adorn their lays.

Mycene's Wealth or Argos' steeds
 In Juno's praise her Bards recite :
 But me nor rich Larissa's meads
 Nor Sparta's patient realm can so delight,

As loud Albunea's echoing floods,
 As Anio thund'ring from the hills ;
 And Tibur's wild-impending woods,
 And bloomy orchards cool'd with murm'ring rills.

The southern gale not always bears
 On misty wing the ceaseless show'r ;
 Full oft', with gentler breath, he clears
 The stormy clouds that o'er the blue sky low'r.

So, Plancus, oft with gen'rous wine
 The gath'ring clouds of care remove ;
 Whether in glitt'ring camps you shine,
 Or seek the shade of Tibur's tranquil grove.

Brave Teucer, when for ever flying
 His parent and his native Land,
 Yet, round his temples gaily tying
 The myrtle wreath, thus cheer'd his drooping band.

Comrades

Comrades and friends! undaunted few!
 Where fortune (than my fire more kind)
 Directs, your steady course pursue;
 Nor mourn the much-lov'd isle ye leave behind.

With Teucer's omens, Teucer's cause,
 Warriors! ye cannot know despair!
 And Phœbus in bright prospect draws
 A future Salamis, as blest and fair.

Brave Spirits! who, beside your chief,
 Have many a harder trial past,
 To day let wine dispel each grief!
 At dawn, once more, we stem the wat'ry waste

ODE VIII.

TO LYDIA.

LYDIA! by all the Gods discover,
Why hastes your fondness to undo your lover?
Say, why he hates the fultry plain,
Its fun and dust once foremost to sustain!
Why mounts he not the Gallic steed,
With youths, his equals, on the martial mead?
Why fears he now his limbs to lave,
In the cool depths of Tiber's yellow wave?
The wrestler's oil why shuns he more,
Than the fell viper's black envenom'd gore:
Why are his arms no longer stain'd,
With livid marks in manly toil obtain'd?
The well-pois'd disk now swiftly whirling,
Now o'er the distant mark the jav'lin hurling?
Why in concealment lurks the boy,
Like great Achilles, o'er the fall of Troy,
Left manly seeming to the fray,
And Lycia's spear the warrior should betray.

ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

SEE, Thaliarchus! cloth'd in snow,
 Soracte rises white in air;
 Keen frost forbids the stream to flow,
 And scarce the woods their plummy burden bear.

Haste! cheer the piercing season's cold,
 Pile high with wood the blazing hearth;
 Let gen'rous wine, four summers old,
 Flame from the cask, and crown the board with mirth.

To heav'n permit the rest: whose will,
 When wild winds war with wint'ry seas,
 Can lull them to a calm—so still,
 That not a murmur waves the trembling trees.

Inquire not of to morrow's doom;
 To-day account a certain gain:
 While time yet spares thy youthful bloom,
 Nor scorn sweet love, nor shun the choral train,

 By day let martial fields delight,
 Where youth th' athletic contest prove;
 And, through the silent hours of night,
 Soft whisper'd sounds, and sighs of murm'ring love,

 The laugh, that, bursting from the shade,
 Betrays the fair-one's secret stand,
 The love-pledge from her arm convey'd,
 Or snatch'd, half-yielded, from her struggling hand,

ODE X,

TO MERCURY.

HERMES! sprung of Atlas' line,
 Pow'r of eloquence divine,
 Whose winning art and tuneful tongue,
 While yet man's new-form'd race was young,
 First wak'd the gay Palæstra's strife,
 And taught each grace that softens life;
 Messenger of Gods and Jove,
 Parent of the lyre I love,
 Skill'd in every wily scheme
 Of knavish sport, be thou my theme!
 Phoebus of his herds bereft,
 While he bade thee yield the theft
 Of his quiver, too, beguil'd—
 Check'd his threat'nings loud, and smil'd.

Led

Led by thee, Troy's Monarch old,
 On his nightly journey, roll'd
 Grecian tents and fires between,
 By the Brother-Kings unseen.
 Thou, in mansions of the blest,
 Giv'st the pious spirit rest;
 Ruling with thy golden wand
 The airy unsubstantial band.
 Hail, Hermes! happy in the love
 Of Gods beneath, and Gods above!

ODE XL

ODE XL

TO LEUCONOE.

SEEK not, Leuconoe, to know

The fate assign'd to you or me;

Nor turn the Babylonian page:

Better to bear the worst the fates decree.

Whether a length of years is giv'n;

Or whether this, whose wintry blast
Breaks the rough wave on Tuscan shores,

Is doom'd by Jove to be your last;—

Be wise! fill high the sparkling bowl;

The joy within your reach embrace;

Nor be a distant hope indulg'd

In fleeting Life's uncertain space.

E'en while we speak, invidious Time

Pursues his unremitting ways;

Then hasten—seize the present hour;

Nor rashly trust a future day.

ODE XII.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHAT Chief, what Hero, heav'nly Muse!
 What God, bright Clio! wilt thou chuse
 To grace the shrill voic'd pipe or sounding shell!
 Say, whose the name, which, wildly sweet,
 The sportive Mimic shall repeat
 In notes that, floating from her airy cell,
 Wind along the shaded shore,
 Where Helicon or Pindus hoar,
 Or gelid Hæmus lifts his oak-clad brow;
 Whence, led by Orpheus' magic song,
 The list'ning woods were charm'd along,
 And winds forgot to breathe, and streams to flow.
 What theme before thy wonted praise,
 Almighty Sire! can ask my lays,
 Whom Men on earth and Gods in heav'n revere?
 Obedient

Obedient to whose strong controll
 The circling hours and seasons roll,
 And earth, and Ocean, and the world's wide sphere.

No greater thro' th' extent of things,
 No like, no second being springs,
 Tho' next thee, Pallas claim her honour'd place;

Nor, Bacchus! shall the duteous muse
 To sing thy deeds in war refuse;
 Nor thine, chaste Goddess! midst the Sylvan chace.

Thou too, bright Power! whose silver bow
 Deals instant fate to ev'ry foe,
 And great Alcides shall the Verse adorn;
 And Leda's sons, unequal'd pair,
 In lifted combat this to dare,
 And this on snowy steeds to glory borne.

Soon as amidst the troubled skies
 Their bright star glads the seaman's eyes,
 Down from each wave-worn rock the surges glide;
 The clouds are flown, the hush'd winds still,
 And, fetter'd by their potent will,
 The smooth wave sleeps upon the glassy tide.

Who

Who next shall fix my wand'ring choice ?
 What patriot shall the muses voice—
 What honour'd hero—from the dead recall ?

Shall Romulus exalt the strain,
 Or gentle Numa's peaceful reign,
 Or Tarquin's fasces proud, or Cato's noble fall ?

There Regulus, the Scuri there,
 The well-earn'd meed of Fame shall share ;
 There Paulus—lavish of his mighty soul,
 When, crimson'd in his country's blood,
 The Punic foe triumphant rode,—
 And firm Fabricius, shall the Muse enroll.

Lo, join'd with him, a soldier blunt,
 Dentatus rears his rugged front ;
 See, wrong'd Camillus, Rome's deliv'rer, stands !
 Stern Poverty ! thy children these !
 And bred, beneath thy hard decrees,
 To till, content, their poor paternal lands.

Amid the silent lapse of years,
 As some fair tree its beauty rears,
 Marcellus' fame incessant grows :

The

The Julian Star arises bright,
 As, 'midst the twinkling fires of night,
 The radiant moon superior glows.

O Sire and friend of human kind,
 Saturnian Jupiter, assign'd
 To guard Augustus by the Fates decree!
 Unbounded power be thine alone;
 Be his a secondary throne,
 The world's just Lord, and only less than thee!

The haughty Parthian he shall bind;
 Or orient climes, and farthest Ind,
 And Seric Tribes, shall own his conqu'ring war;
 While thou shalt fire th' unhallow'd grove
 With angry lightnings from above,
 And shake Olympus in thy thund'ring car.

ODE XIII.

TO LYDIA.

AH, Lydia! when in am'rous phrase
 The form of Telephus you fondly praise;
 His roseate neck—his waxen arms—
 Ah, then, what rage my swelling heart alarms!
 In giddy mists my senses die,
 Quick o'er my cheek the shifting passions fly;
 And tears, that will not be repress'd,
 Speak the slow fires that inly waste my breast.
 I burn, whene'er his hands profane
 In wine-bred rage thy snowy shoulders stain;
 Or when his boist'rous fierce embrace
 Prints on thy ruby lips a lasting trace.
 Oh! ne'er can he be constant found,
 Trust me, whose ruffian violence could wound
 Those kisses sweet, by Venus blest,
 Where her own nectar and ambrosia rest.
 Thrice happy! happiest of their kind,
 The gentle pair whom chains unbroken bind,
 While, stranger to mistrust and strife,
 Love gilds their hours, nor quits them but with life!

ODE XIV.

ALAS, poor bark ! new waves are striving
 Again to bear thee to the deep;
 Take heed ! ah, whither art thou driving?
 Thy shelter'd station firmly keep.

Hark to the melancholy sound
 From thy bare side, of oars bereft !
 Thy tall mast cleft with many a wound,
 And ev'ry yard the blast has left.

Thy shatter'd hulk, its cordage lost,
 Scarce stands th' imperious billow's pow'r;
 No spreading sail hast thou to boast,
 No God to aid in danger's hour.

Tho' from the mountain's piny side,
 The forest's noblest child, you came;
 What now avails thy former pride
 Thy vaunted race, and useless name?

Not to thy gaily-painted form

For safety will the seaman trust:

Ah! tremble, lest, amid the storm,

You float the sport of ev'ry gust.

O thou, so late my anxious woe,

Now my fond hope, and ceaseless care!

The treach'rous seas, that smoothly flow

Where shine the Cyclad-isles, beware,

ODE XV.

HOMEWARD steer'd the Trojan fleet,
 That Paris and his Mistress bore;
 But, while fresh gales transport the pair
 From Sparta's hospitable shore,
 Nereus from the wave arose,
 Devoted Ilion's ruin to disclose:
 His awful voice repress'd the rising breeze,
 And solemn silence hush'd the seas.
 " Ill-fated youth! in an unhappy hour
 " Thou bear'st fair Helen to thy native land,
 " Whom vengeful Grecia, with united power
 " And warlike armaments, shall soon demand
 " Combin'd Atride's consort to regain,
 " And pour destruction swift on Priam's ancient reign.
 " Arm the hero, arm the steed,
 " All the toils of war to bear!
 " What havoc for the Dardan Race
 " Mad, furious youth, dost thou prepare!
 " Pallas

" Pallas mounts her blood-stain'd car,
 " And arms in all her terrors for the war;
 " Her snaky shield—her helm with plumes oerspread
 " That nodding dreadful shade her head;
 " In vain, soft boy! of Venus' aid secure,
 " In flowing curls you form your golden hair;
 " In vain fond women by your arts allure,
 " And warble to the lyre some melting air;
 " In vain from toil and danger you retreat,
 " And shun in beauty's arms the battle's furious heat.
 " Doom'd to meet the rage of war,
 " That strews the field with heaps of slain;
 " Where iron show'rs obscure the air,
 " And rapid Ajax scours the plain;
 " Paris to his fate must yield,
 " And those bright ringlets sweep the dusty field:
 " See'ft thou not, youth! the foes thou must engage?
 " Merion fierce—the Pylian Sage—
 " Laertes' son, to whom thy race must yield.—
 " See! they pursue thee—fearless sons of war,
 " Teucer and Sthenelus, in battle skill'd,
 " To dare the foe or guide the rapid car:
 " See Tydeus' son, who far excels his fire,
 " Seeks thee thro' all the field, and burns with furious ire.

" Hark ! his voice assaults thine ear,
 " And fills thy soul with wild dismay;
 " Helen's boasted champion flies,
 " And, panting, shuns the dreadful fray.
 " Thus, surpriz'd, the timid deer
 " Sees in the distant vale the wolf appear;
 " Suspends his food, his blood with horror chill'd,
 " And, starting, bounds along the field.
 " Tho' Peleus' son, in gloomy wrath retreat,
 " And Ilion's ruin for a while delay;
 " And view with fullen pleasure from his fleet,
 " Proud Hector triumph in each dreadful day,
 " Pass the few destin'd years which Fate requires,
 " And Troy forever sinks in Græcia's conqu'ring fires."

ODE XVI.

SWEET daughter of a lovely dame,
 Thyself more lovely still!
 My hated lines let wasteful flame,
 Or the wild waves destroy, or what you will.

Not Cybele, nor Delphi's God,
 So shake the prophet's breast;
 Not Bacchus—Not th' Idæan crowd,
 Clash their sharp cymbals, with such heat possess,

As anger gives; whom not the sword,
 Nor cruel flames can stay,
 Nor wildest waves—nor heav'n's dread Lord,
 With lightnings arm'd, and tumult and dismay.

When passions, drawn from ev'ry beast,
 His new-form'd image fir'd,
 Prometheus, in the human breast,
 (So story tells) the lyon's rage inspir'd.

'Twas

'Twas Anger doom'd Thyestes' fall;
 She laid his glory low;
 And many a regal ci:y's wall
 Hath ras'd to earth beneath the hostile plough.

Ah, then, thy dire resentment stay!
 I too, in youth's sweet hour,
 Have felt fierce Anger's fervid sway,
 To swift iambics hurried by her pow'r.

But now, for sounds more sweetly flowing,
 Sharp Satire's strain I leave;
 So you, one friendly smile bestowing,
 While I recant, but hear me and forgive!

ODE XVII.

TO TYNDARIS.

TO fair Lucretile's retreat
From Arcady, his ancient seat,

Swift Faunus oft' will stray ;

And, from my tender flock, restrains

The chilling blast, the rushing rains,

And summer's sultry ray.

Amid the wide wood safely straying,

My goats and wanton kidlings playing,

Each leaf-grown alley climb ;

And, where it lurks beneath the shade,

Seek the wild Arbuté thro' the glade,

Or brouse the fragrant thyme.

Nor fear they in the rustling brake

To rouse the green envenom'd snake,

Or meet the grim wolf's eye ;

While

While low Ustica's rocks repeat,
 His flutes soft notes in echoes sweet,
 And all her vales reply.

Me, Tyndaris, the Gods approve;
 My piety, my lyre, they love;
 And shield me with their pow'r:
 Hence Plenty's horn, profusely flowing
 On thee, my fair, each gift bestowing,
 Her rural wealth shall show'r.

In some calm valley's cool retreat,
 Here shalt thou shun the dog-star's heat;
 Here, to the Teian string,
 Penelope and Circe burning
 For Ithacus, from Troy returning,
 Thy voice shall sweetly sing.

We'll quaff sweet Lesbian in the shade,
 By angry Cyrus undismay'd;
 Bid all thy terrors rest;
 No furious rival here shall tear
 The glowing wreath that binds thy hair,
 Or rend thy harmless vest.

ODE XVIII.

TO QUINTILIUS VARUS.

NO plant before the sacred vine,
 Where Tibur's ancient turrets shine,
 You teach the gentle foil to bear:
 For dry sobriety was join'd
 By heav'n itself with grief of mind,
 And wine alone can conquer care.

What mortal, while the goblet flows,
 On poverty a thought bestows?

Whom, can war's disasters move?

Who, but rather turns to thee,

Bacchus, fire of laughing glee!

Or thee, sweet Venus, Queen of love!

But let the banquet stain'd with blood,

By the Centaur's lustful brood—

Let Eviu's hate to Thracia's train,

When

When right and wrong, in doubtful bounds,
 Their mad ebriety confounds,
 To mod'rate cups our mirth restrain.

On thee no hand profane I lay;
 Nor bare thy myst'ries to the day,
 Deep-wrapt the shadowy leaves among,
 Fair Baffareus!—Not here be found
 Thy Berecynthian cornet's sound,
 Thy Cymbals, and thy madding throng;

Weak Self-love with banded eye,
 And swoln Vain-glory 'midst the sky,
 Striving her empty head to rear;
 And lavish of his secret trust,
 To friendship's dearest charge unjust,
 Forgetful Faith, than glass more clear.

ODE XIX.

THE Queen of soft desire,
 And wanton am'rous fire,
 And Bacchus, offspring of the Theban maid,
 With fervour long unknown,
 And deem'd for ever flown,
 And pow'r resistless, all my breast invade.

I feel the magic charm
 Of Glycera's sweet form,
 Than Parian marble shining far more pure:
 I feel each playful grace,
 That arms the wanton's face,
 With living light, too dazzling to endure.

Usurping all my soul
 With unconfin'd controul,
 The laughing Goddess leaves her Cyprian hall,

Nor

Nor suffers that my verse
Should sing the Scythian fierce,
Or Parthian battles, idle nonsense all.

Haste! on this spot be seen,
Fresh turf of liveliest green;
With wine, and flow'rs, and incense grace the pile:
The victim duly paid,
Shall Beauty's queen persuade,
With sweetest influence on my suit to smile.

ODE XX.

MÆCENAS, dearest knight! with me,
 Poor Sabine shall your banquet be,
 In frugal goblets pour'd:

The Grecian jar myself I coated
 That happy day, for ever noted,
 When the loud theatre on thee
 Its plausive thunders showr'd,

While thy own Tiber caught the sound,
 And the proud Vatican around
 Thy praise fond echo bore.

Within thy cup Cæcubian flows,
 Or Cales sparkling vintage glows;
 For me, nor Formia's hills abound,
 Nor bright Falernum's store.

ODE XXI.

TO DIANA & APOLLO.

YE Virgins, sing Diana's praise.
 Ye youths, as loudly let your lays
 The Cynthian Deity proclaim,
 And fair Latona's honour'd name;
 Latona, glorious in the love,
 Of Heav'n's Supreme—immortal Jove.
 The Goddess, virgins! be your theme,
 Who loves the pure translucent stream,
 Wild wood-walks, and the solemn shade,
 On Algid's gelid brow display'd;
 Or Erymanthus' gloomy scene
 Or Cragus, drest in lively green.
 Ye youths, with equal praises hail,
 Delicious Tempe's sylvan vale,
 Or Delos, where the God was born,
 Whom the bow, the Lyre adorn.

The

The God, propitious to your strains,
 From Cæsar and th' Italian plains
 Shall chace grim Pestilence afar,
 And Famine wan, and ruthless War,
 To desolate the Parthian's land,
 Or wild Britannia's sea-beat strand.

ODE XXII.

THE man, my Fuscus, whose unshaken breast
 Stands firm in virtue,—whose pure soul is blest
 With conscious innocence, may walk secure ;
 Nor needs th' envenom'd arrow of the Moor,
 The sounding jav'lin, or unerring bow ;
 Whether o'er savage Caucasus he go,
 Or pierce the wastes of Libya's sultry land,
 Where, in wild eddies, whirls the burning sand ;
 Or tread the shores, which, with its fabled waves,
 And streams of gold, the fam'd Hydaspes laves.
 For, wand'ring late the Sabine woods among,
 While charming Lalage employ'd my song,
 Lost in the praises of the nymph I lov'd,
 Too far remote my careless footsteps rov'd ;
 A wolf I met :—The tawny savage fled ;
 Nor pour'd his fury on my guiltless head,
 Unarm'd, alone. A monster of such size
 With shaggy bristles and ensanguin'd eyes,

Not warlike Daunia in her forests feeds,
 Nor dry Numidia, nurse of lions, breeds.
 Place me in frozen deserts, where the trees
 Ne'er feel the breath of Summer's genial breeze ;
 Where clouds and vapours damp thro' half the year,
 Obscure the skies, and load th' unwholesome air :
 Still shall the beauteous nymph my cares beguile,
 Who sweetly knows to speak, and sweetly smile.

ODE XXIII.

—
TO CHLOE.
—

YOU fly me, Chloe! like the fawn
Starting at ev'ry breeze and ev'ry shade,
Who seeks, amid the mountain-glade,
Her wand'ring parent, from her side withdrawn.

If, murm'ring to the shadowy gale,
The vernal woods their shudd'ring foliage shake;
Or the green lizard stirs the brake,
Her heart beats flutt'ring; and her weak knees fail.

No lion fierce, no savage pard
Ruthless pursues, thy lovely limbs to rend;
Ah! cease thy mother to attend;
And, ripe for love, let manhood be thy guard.

ODE XXIV.

TO VIRGIL.

SHALL woe learn bounds & shall tears forget to stream,
For one so lov'd? O thou, my song inspire,
Sweet mournful Muse! to whom thy Sire supreme
The liquid voice assign'd, and melting lyre!

And sleeps Quintilius in th' eternal shade?
Sister of Justice, Faith with aspect clear;
Fair Modesty, and Truth, pure robeless maid!
When shall your longing eyes behold his peer?

Blest was his end—by all the good deplor'd:—
Thou, Virgil, saddest of the weeping train!
Whose pious sorrow (ah, not thus restor'd!)
Demands Quintilius of the Gods in vain.

Alas!—

Alas!—tho' sweeter than the Thracian swain
 Thy tuneful hand could touch the magic shell;
 Tho' list'ning woods once more obey'd the strain;
 Yet ne'er would life with that pale image dwell,

Which Hermes once—inexorable pow'r!—
 Hath driv'n, the peopled Banks of Styx to fill.
 Hard Destiny! yet, let meek Patience show'r
 Her lenient balm, on ev'ry cureless ill.

ODE XXV.

TO LYDIA.

LESS frequent now, our am'rous youth,
 Thy firm-clos'd windows shake ;
 Nor rude assault, nor tender vows,
 Thy lonely slumbers wake.

Thy gate and threshold now are grown
 Too fond to be divided ;
 That gate which once, to ev'ry hand,
 On yielding hinges glided.

Now less and less these sounds are heard,
 " Can Lydia close her eyes,
 " While here, the long expecting night,
 " Her pining lover dies?"

In some lone alley, thou, in turn
 Scorn'd, shiv'ring, old—shalt weep,
 While bleaker through the moonless night
 The whistling north-winds sweep;

Bewailing fore (while on thy heart
 Fierce, burning love shall feed;
 Such love, as into madness stings
 The mother of the steed,)

That youth the tender ivy culls,
 Or myrtle darkly-shining;
 To Hebrus, Winter's comrade cold,
 The shrivell'd leaf resigning.

ODE XXVI

LOV'D by the Nine, each grief and fear
 I give the wanton winds to bear,
 Where Cretan billows break:
 I care not what proud tyrant reigns
 The terror of the Arctic plains,
 And Parthia's wars unmov'd I hear,
 Though Tiridates quake.

Sweet Muse! who lov'st the living spring,
 Thy wreath of sunny flow'rets bring,
 On Lamia's brow to blaze:
 Unblest by thee, my verse were vain;
 But thou, and all thy Sister train,
 For him shall strike the Lesbian string,
 And consecrate his praise.

ODE XXVII.

O'ER the goblet, born for joy,
 To combat suits a Thracian's life:
 The barb'rous mode, my friends, destroy;
 Guard the blushing God from strife.

Ill the scymetar accords
 With festal tapers, flowing wine:
 Hush this impious war of words;
 Each upon his arm recline.

Would ye that I share the bowl?
 Let Megillas' brother tell,
 Whence the shaft that pierc'd his soul;
 By what happy wound he fell.

Refuse! then I the cup disclaim.
 Fie; dismiss this blushing terror:
 Come, 'tis no unworthy flame;
 Love with thee's a gen'rous error.

Here

Here confide thy secret thought:

Wretched Youth! is that thy fate?

By that fell Charybdis caught?—

Ah, worthy of a better mate!

What herbs, what spells, what God can force

The fatal fetters that enslave thee?

Scarce the Muses winged Horse

Can from the dire chimæra save thee.

ODE XXVIII.

ARCHYTAS, who but late th' expanse of land
 And seas could'ft measure, and the countless sand,
 A little earth on the Matinian shore
 Confines thee now—thy mortal scene is o'er;
 Nor aught avails it that thy active soul
 Could climb th' aërial domes or gird the Pole.
 The Sire of Pelops died, the guest of Gods;
 And Tithon, inmate of the blest abodes,
 And sacred Minos, who of old posselt
 The secret counfels of the Thund'ers breast.
 The depths of Tartarus once more contain
 Pantheus' fam'd son; decreed to fall again,
 Though on the portal fix'd, his Trojan shield
 Proclaim'd he nothing to the tomb could yield,
 Save mould'ring flesh: No humble teacher he
 Of nature and of truth, if judg'd by thee.
 But one dread night remains for all that breathe,
 Once all must journey through the paths of death.

By

By ruthless furies some are snatch'd afar,
 A welcome spectacle to stern-eyed war;
 The wand'ring seaman, as he toils for gain,
 The billows bury in their dark domain;
 The young, the old, promiscuous throng the tomb;
 To none stern Proserpine remits his doom;
 And Southern blasts, Orion's stormy train,
 Decreed my end beneath th' Illyrian main.
 But, Seaman! fail not o'er my tombless head
 And mould'ring bones the wand'ring sand to spread:
 So, 'midst the shrouded heav'ns when Eurus raves,
 And threats wild ruin on th' Hesperian waves,
 Venusium's woods shall fluctuate in the gale,
 But thou securely spread thy daring sail!
 So, wealth from Jove and Neptune on thee fall,—
 Neptune, who guards Tarentum's sacred wall!
 If thou neglect, beware the dire event:
 Thy unborn children may the crime lament:
 Revolving Fortune on some future day,
 And awful Justice shall the wrong repay:
 Not unreveng'd shall rise my slighted pray'r,
 And no atonement shall thy guilt repair.
 Thy hasty speed may grant the short delay,
 Cast thrice the sacred dust, and urge thy way.

[6r]

ODE XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.

ICCIUS ! now, with youthful pleasure,
You dream of blest Arabia's treasure,
And pant her wealth to gain:
Where soft Sabæa's Kings are thron'd,
Yet strangers to a victor's bond,
You threat to roll the storm of War;
Or, fill'd with patriot ire, prepare
The dreadful Median's chain.

Alas ! What maid, her lover slain,
Submissive in thy virgin train

Her weeping charms will bend ?
What regal youth, in Beauty's bloom,
With tresses dropping rich perfume,
Will bear thy cup, whose fingers know
Unerring from his father's bow
The Seric shaft to send ?

Who

Who shall deny the river's course
 May turn to seek its mountain-source
 And Tiber's waves recoil;
 When thou our fairer hopes belying,
 Thy far-sought tomes of Science flying,
 Forfak'st Panœtius' moral strain,
 And Socrates, and all his train,

In Spanish arms to toil?

ODE XXX

QUEEN of Paphos ! Cnidian Queen,
Venus, quit th' Idalian Green ;
 Scorn a-while thy lov'd retreats ;
 And wing thy flight to bless the walls
 Where Glycera thy presence calls,
 And loads thy shrine with offer'd sweets.
 Round thee let thy nymphs be found,
 And Graces light with zones unbound ;
 Hither bring thy fervid boy :
 The pow'r of Eloquence be nigh,
 And Youth,—who, when thou art not by,
 Wants half its grace and half its joy.

ODE XXXI.

WHAT boon demands the suppliant Bard
 To crown his pray'r—what rich reward
 While at Apollo's sacred shrine,
 His goblet pours the new-made wine?
 Not rich Sardinia's waving fields;
 Not herds that warm Calabria yields;
 Not Indian ivory, nor gold;
 Nor e'en those peaceful meads to hold,
 Where Liris winds his tranquil tide,
 And silent laves his turfy side.
 Let those, to whom Campania's vine
 Kind Fortune gives, its ranks confine:
 From golden cups, let merchants drain
 The wines their Syrian treasures gain;
 Belov'd of Heav'n, if thrice or more
 They scape, each year, th' Atlantic roar!
 For me, with herbs and olives fed,
 The fields a simpler banquet spread.

But

But grant me this, O Pow'r divine!
 T'enjoy the store already mine—
 The little which my toils have gain'd;
 Till age approach with guilt unstain'd,
 With health unbroken, mind entire,
 Nor yet unstrung the sweet-voic'd lyre.

ODE XXXII.

ODE XXXII.

IF e'er beneath the peaceful shade
 With thee my hours in vacant mirth I pass'd,
 Now, tuneful Harp! thy master claims thine aid;
 Now give my Latian strain for years to last!

O Lyre divine! whose lofty tone
 First rung responsive to the Lesbian's hand;
 Who, fierce in arms, yet, when the fight was done,
 Or his toss'd vessel moor'd beside the strand,

Still Bacchus, still the Muses, sung—
 The wanton boy with Venus ever found,
 Or Venus' self, or Lyce fair and young—
 For eyes of jet and ebon locks renown'd,

Pride of Apollo! whose high strains
 Jove hears delighted at th' ambrosial board;
 Enchanting shell! sweet soother of my pains,
 Oh, never be thine aid in vain implor'd!

ODE XXXIII.

VIXXX

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

ALBIUS ! sink not thus dejected,
 By Glycera, false fair, neglected :
 Nor in sad elegies complain,
 Altho' she chuse a younger swain.
 For Cyrus bright Lycoris burns ;
 To haughty Pholoe Cyrus turns ;
 But wolves and lambs shall first embrace,
 E'er Pholoe stoop to love to base.
 Such the Cyprian Queen's decree :
 Whose cruel malice smiles, to see
 Each motley form and jarring mind
 In her brazen chains combin'd.
 E'en I—when fairer loves invited,—
 With Myrtale's soft chain delighted,
 Pursued her still ; tho' fiercer she,
 Than the ever-stormy sea
 Whose waves indent with ceaseless roar
 Fair Calabria's winding shore.

ODE XXXIV.

NEGLECTFUL of the Pow'rs divine,
 I rarely fought the sacred shrine,
 While Learning's treach'rous paths I try'd,
 With mad Philosophy my guide :
 But now, imprest with sacred terror,
 I shun that gulph of impious error;
 And all my hasty canvas spread,
 To gain the track from whence I fled.
 For Jove, whose lightning's wont to fly
 Athwart the dark and troubled sky,
 Now roll'd along th' unclouded air
 His thund'ring steeds and winged car.
 The sluggish Earth, at that dread sound,
 With all her rivers wand'ring round;
 And Atlas; and th' infernal shores
 Where Styx his sable current pours;
 And gloomy Tænarus profound—
 Thro' all their lowest depths rebound.

He

He, sov'reign Godhead, uncontroll'd,
 Can curb the proud, the weak uphold,
 Hurl Glory from her dazzling height,
 Or lift Obscurity to light.
 While Fortune's wheel, resounding loud,
 Whirls,—the wonder of the crowd,
 From him, who tow'r'd sublime to-day,
 The slipp'ry summit slides away;
 And some new creature of her smile
 Glitters on the giddy pile.

ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

GODDESS of Antium fair! whose pow'r
 Can bid the wretch to greatness tow'r;
 Or change the triumph's glitt'ring shew
 To fun'ral and severest woe!
 To win thy smile, with anxious care
 The needy rustic frames his pray'r:
 And he, whose oars incessant sweep
 The foam of the Carpathian deep,
 To thee—the Mistress of the main—
 Prefers his ardent suit for gain:
 The Dacian fierce, the Scythian swarms,
 Towns, empires, Latium great in arms,
 And mothers of Barbarian Kings,—
 T' avert the ills thine anger brings—
 Implore, submiss, a kind decree;
 And purple tyrants bend to thee.

Ne'er

Ne'er may thy ire, O Goddess dread !
 To earth th' aspiring column tread ;
 Nor let the crowd, with wild alarms,
 Arouse th' unwilling world to arms ;
 Till, as contending factions frown,
 An empire's ruins thunder down.

Before thee treads, in solemn state,
 Necessity, thy dreadful mate :
 Grasp'd in her brazen hand, appear
 The massy bolt, and hook severe ;
 The molten metal's tort'ring tide ;
 The stake with streaming life-blood dy'd.

But sweet the train, who oft' await
 Thy wand'rings from the domes of state ;
 Tho' lost the trappings of thy pride,
 Yet Hope still travels at thy side :
 Nor will the white-rob'd maid, I ween,
 Fidelity—ah, seldom seen !—
 Disdain to cheer thy hour of woe,
 Or scorn thy tatter'd weeds to know.

But, waiving with th' exhausted cask,
 The friends, who in thy sunshine bask,
 The faithless crowd, and she, who sold
 Her perjur'd vows for sordid gold,
 To bear thy yoke with equal toil
 Refuse, and from thy sight recoil.

O Goddess! ever may thy care
 On Cæsar wait! whose arms prepare
 Britannia's daring sons to quell
 Where, on the world's last verge, they dwell;
 And guard our warlike youthful train,
 Who awe the East, and ruddy main!

Alas!—our scars,—our factious flame—
 Our brothers—ah, how deep our shame!
 What will this Age of Iron shun?—
 What wickedness remains undone?—
 What fears of Heav'n our youth restrain?—
 Where stands an unpolluted fane?—
 Oh! turn once more our unblam'd swords
 On Scythia, and th' Arabian hordes!

ODE XXXVI.

WITH lively harp, with incense sweet,
 And victims due, well-pleas'd, I greet
 The pow'rs, that, from th' Iberian shore,
 Unhurt my Numida restore;
 Who now, on many a friend bestowing
 The kiss with warm affection glowing;
 Yet more to none than Lamia shares—
 Lov'd partner of his infant cares:
 Fond Mem'ry yet delights to raise
 Sweet visions of their early days,
 Beneath one master, when they bloom'd
 And manhood's robe at once assum'd.
 Mark'd be the happy day with white;
 To Friendship sacred and delight;
 Nor let the dance a respite know,
 Nor cease the ready Cask to flow!
 Let lovely Damalis be nigh,
 Nor in deep cups with Bassus vie.

Let

Let not the Rose our banquet fail
 Nor lively leaf, nor lilies frail :
 On Damalis with wanton rays
 Many an am'rous eye shall gaze ;
 But, from her new-found Lover's side,
 None shall Damalis divide ;
 To him alone her charms confining,
 And close as wanton ivy twining.

ODE XXXVII.

FILL high the bowl! with sprightly tread

Let the loud earth resound!

Be each Immortal's glitt'ring bed

With Salian banquets crown'd!

Till now, from out its mansion hoar

'Twas guilt to draw the nectar'd store;

While, girt with loathsome minions round,

(A Herd obscene!) proud Egypt's Queen

In hope high-tow'ring, impotent of soul,

And drunk with Fortune's madd'ning bowl,—

Wild ruin aim'd at yon imperial dome,

And doom'd in thought the fall of awful Rome.

Short the space her folly rav'd!

From Cæsar and the Roman fire

Scarce a single vessel sav'd,

Quell'd the madness of her ire.

Hark!

Hark! his swift resounding oars!
 Fear unfeign'd her breast explores;
 And, melting into air, retire
 Ambition's fumes. As on swift plumes
 A falcon drives the trembling doves;
 Or as the swain, who cold Æmonia roves,
 Courses the flying hare;—so Cæsar came
 In chains the fatal Prodigy to tame.

But she, a nobler fall designing,
 Each female terror quell'd by pride,
 Shrunk not at the faulchion's shining;
 Nor fled, in secret shores to hide.
 With eye serene, she dar'd survey
 Her regal dome the Conqu'rors prey;
 Firmly the gliding snake she try'd,
 Whose fang beneath lay certain death:
 Fiercer from fix'd despair, and proudly scorning
 (Th' insulting Victor's deck adorning)
 To yield the glories of her regal race,
 And, sunk with slaves, his haughty triumph grace.

ODE XXXVIII.

PERSIAN Pomp, my Boy, I hate,
 And wreaths with costly toil entwin'd:
 Where the last rose lingers late,
 Search not curiously to find.

Myrtle bands alone prepare:

While I drink, the myrtle wreath
 Suits alike to deck thy hair
 And mine, the mantling vine beneath.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

ODE XXXVIII

PERKIAN Pongit my Boy, I hate
 And others with child, the same
 Where the last robe hangs late
 Search not, continue to find

Myrtle bark alone prepare:
 While I drink, the myrtle wreath
 Suits alike to deck thy hair
 And mine, the mantling vine beneath

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
THE ODES
OF
HORACE.

THE
FOURTH BOOK

And when the sun is low
And the stars are out
And the moon is in
And the wind is soft
And the water is still
And the world is at rest
And the heart is at ease
And the soul is at home

For the heart is the temple of the soul
And the soul is the light of the heart
And the heart is the home of the soul
And the soul is the light of the heart
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And when the sun is low
And the stars are out
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And the heart is at ease
And the soul is at home

A fitter conduct would you try,
And the wish I owe the willing breast—

ODE I.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN does Venus seek to move
Within this breast the am'rous war?
This breast, abandon'd long by Love?—
Ah, spare me, Goddess!—Venus, spare!

Far diff'rent was the sprightly hour,
When Cynara my foul posselt;
E'er thy sweet impulse lost its pow'r,
Or fifty winters chill'd my breast.

Cease, cruel Queen of soft desires!
On one so cold your strength to prove:
Away, where Youth your smile requires,
And Beauty breathes the sigh of love.

A fitter

A fitter conquest would you try,
And fire with Love the willing breast,—
 Borne on thy silver Cygnets, fly
 To Paulus' roof; a welcome guest:

ODE I.

Young, noble, eloquent, and try'd
 In ev'ry grace, in ev'ry art;
 'Tis his to wave thy banners wide
 O'er many a yielding Virgin's heart.

And when that voice, which oft hath roll'd
 Its thunders in the fuff'ers aid,
 Shall triumph o'er his Rival's gold,
 And win the long disputed maid,

Where Alba's silver waters gleam;
 Thy form, the Citron dome beneath,
 By grateful Paulus rais'd, shall seem
 In animated stone to breathe.

There incense oft shall rise around,
 The Lyre—the Berecynthian flute
 Shall mix their sweetly-soothing sound;
 Nor shall the past'ral reed be mute.

At

At morning's dawn, at eve's calm hour,
 Soft maids and youths shall there be seen
 With Salian rites to hymn thy pow'r,
 And press with snowy feet the green.

But ah! no more shall Love or Youth
 Within this breast their warmth renew!—
 Fond golden dreams of mutual truth
 And sweet Credulity, adieu!

Adieu, gay pow'r of genial Wine!
 No more thy sparkling streams I pour;
 No more with flow'rs my brows entwine:
 For me Spring breathes her sweets no more!

Yet, ah! too dearly lov'd!—ah, why
 Steals o'er my cheek the sorrowing tear?
 Why on these lips does language die,
 And sink confus'd in silent fear?

Thee, cruel Fair! in dreams by night,
 Now, now within my arms I view;
 Now chase o'er plains thy airy flight,
 And now through rolling waves pursue.

A fitter conquest would you try,
 And fire with Love the willing breast,—
 Borne on thy silver Cygnets, fly
 To Paulus' roof; a welcome guest:

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Now, now within my arms I view;
Now chase o'er plains thy airy flight,
And now through rolling waves pursue.

ODE II.

TO ANTONIUS IULUS.

WHOE'ER like Pindar strives to sing,

Iulus, mounts on waxen wing,

Like Icarus, in vain :

Soon to drop the borrow'd plume,

Soon to meet his awful doom,

And name the glassy main.

Fierce as the mountain-torrent roars

Impetuous down its broken shores,

Swoln high with wintry rain,

Fervid—swift—immense—profound—

With matchless might and thund'ring sound—

The Theban pours his strain.

Secure to gain Apollo's bay,

He graces now the daring lay

With words before unknown;

Now

Now, soaring scornful of control,
Commands th' unfetter'd song to roll,
And slavish laws disown.

And now, the deeds sublime he sings
Of Gods, or heav'n-descended Kings,

And Heroes dear to fame;
Whose more than mortal might subdued
The cloud-born Centaurs giant brood,
And dread Chimera's flame:

He joins the widow'd Bride to mourn;
And lo! from death her Lord is torn,
And Fame immortal giv'n!

He sings his Might, his Worth divine;
And bids his glowing virtues shine
Amid the stars of Heav'n.

The Theban Swan, uncheck'd by fear,
Soars high above the storm's career
'Midst the bright realms of day;
Where'er his vent'rous pinions bend,
Propitious gales his flight attend,
And waft him on his way.

But like the Bee whose toils explore,
Each thymy bank, each humble flow'r,

Their honey'd sweets to drain;
Beside some wood, some bubbling spring
In Tivoli's cool shade I sing

My light though labour'd strain.

'Tis thine, my Friend! with nobler fire
To strike the full-resounding Lyre,

And Cæsar's praise declare,
When well-earn'd wreaths shall grace his brow,
And fierce Sicambrian chieftains bow

Beneath his conqu'ring car.

For him, thy Muse her song shall raise;
For him, shall paint in rapt'rous lays

Th' exulting joy of Rome;
The solemn pomp, the festal day,
The street with glitt'ring triumph gay,
The loud-tongu'd Forum dumb.

Then, then, my willing voice shall join
—If ought I sing can please—with thine,
To hail the happy morn;

O fairest

O fairest of the rolling year!

O ever honour'd, ever dear,—

For Cæsar's blest return.

Then, as he moves, the loud acclaim

Of Triumph! Cæsar! Vict'ry! Fame!

Shall shake the echoing domes:

And ev'ry tongue repeat the cry,

Fame! Triumph! Cæsar! Victory!

He comes, he comes, he comes!

—Next haste we to each heav'nly pow'r,

And grateful incense largely show'r

On ev'ry sacred shrine;

Ten lordly bulls, ten lowing cows,

Iulus, shall acquit thy vows;

A youthful heifer mine;

Just wean'd, the wanton crops the dew,

Her chest and limbs of tawney hue,

Her front of purest white:

Like Cynthia's arch her head appears,

E'er thrice the slender crescent rears

Its pale ascending light.

ODE III.

TO MELPOMENE.

BRIGHT Muse! when o'er the natal hour
 Thy mild eye sheds its gentle pow'r,
 Thy favour'd vot'ry ne'er shall claim,
 On Corinth's field, the wreath of Fame:—
 Not his th' Athletic Champion's meed;
 Not his to rein the foaming steed;
 Not his th' Achaian Car to guide,
 The Victor's pomp, the Victor's pride!
 High on the Capitol's proud brow
 Let war her laurell'd Chieftain shew
 Triumphant o'er the Tyrant's pride,
 Whose vaunts his Country's pow'r defy'd!
 But Tivoli's deep-murm'ring floods,
 And awful glooms, and waving woods
 Shall consecrate, their shades among,
 The Sov'reign of th' Æolian song.

Me,

Me, mighty Rome's majestic race
 Among her Bards have deign'd to place :
 And, while with fond delight I stand
 Encircled by the sacred band,
 E'en Envy sheaths her pois'nous fang,
 Or I forget to feel the pang.
 Pierian Muse ! whose touch inspires
 Thy golden Harp's sweet-murm'ring wires !
 Who to the silent Dolphin's throat
 Couldst give the Swan's enchanting note !
 Grac'd by thy smile, I move along
 Distinguish'd by the passing throng ;
 Who, pointing, mark with earnest gaze
 The Bard whom Latium's lyre obeys :
 By thee, my Lyre—my Life were giv'n ;
 By thee, I draw the breath of Heav'n.
 And, if my numbers pleasing be,
 Melpomene ! they please by thee,

ODE IV.

THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

AS soars the Regal Bird supreme,
 Who waits by Jove's immortal throne,
 Grasping the lightning's forked gleam,
 And rules the Realms of air alone;
 Thus grac'd by him who rules the skies
 For bright-hair'd Ganymede, his Phrygian prize—
 (Rous'd by paternal fire and youthful might,
 Soon from the nest he wings his flight.
 Stern Winter past, the fresh'ning gales of Spring
 In untry'd heights his ruffling plumes uphold;
 Soon in the shadow of his awful wing
 Destruction hovers o'er the trembling fold:
 E'er long, with thirst of prey and combat stung,
 He grasps th'indignant snake, and dares his hissing tongue)

As the youthful Lion stalks
 Tremendous o'er the meadow's bloom,

The

(The goat amidst her flow'ry walks
 Shudd'ring, starts, and waits her doom;)

Thus dreadful from the Alpine height
 Burst Drusus on the Gauls' astonish'd fight.

[The Rites obscure that mark the barb'rous Race
 The raptur'd Muse disdains to trace:
 She sings not whence the rude Vindelic band
 And Rhætian fierce, since time his course hath roll'd,
 The thund'ring Pole-axe wield with ready hand,
 Like Scythian Amazons renown'd of old,]
 But soon their Tribes the youthful foe revere,
 Check'd in Dominion's height and Vict'rys proud career.

Soon their awe-struck hosts descry
 What Godlike pow'rs the breast inspire,
 Where Cæsar's fond parental eye
 Directs a Nero's native fire.

Still from the gen'rous and the bold
 A Race is form'd of brave and gen'rous mould;
 Their Sires high strain, the steer, the courser prove,
 Fierce Eagles breed no trembling dove.

But, Education! thy benign control
 Must call the spark of native vigour forth,

With

With steady honour fortify the foul,
 And fix the energies of inborn worth;
 Else flows the stream of ancestry in vain,
 And blots of foul disgrace its lucid current stain.
 Queen of Cities! wouldst thou trace
 The praise to Nero's lineage due?
 What deeds of Fame their story grace!
 What hours of triumph rise to view!
 Let Metro's waves exulting swell,
 Let vanquish'd Asdrubal their prowess tell,
 Or that blest dawn when first fair Glory's day
 On Latium smil'd with Orient ray!
 Then from the Land the night of horror fled,
 When bath'd in blood, with ruin at his side,
 The Punic Chief his impious squadrons led
 O'er many a city's desolated pride —
 Wild as the whirlwind sweeps the madding flood,
 Fierce as the ruthless flame devours the ravag'd wood.

From that hour, thy youthful train
 The paths of Fame and Conquest trod;
 Rear'd anew each ruin'd Fane,
 And thrin'd in each a Guardian God.

Then

Sings

Then Hannibal ! despairing lay—

“ Weak Deer,” he cried, “ to rav’ning wolves a prey,

“ We brave a Foe, the terrors of whose eye

“ ’Twere triumph to deceive, and fly !

“ Troy sunk in flames beneath her conqu’ring foes ;

“ Her sons launch’d fearless on the threat’ning main :

“ Rous’d by the Queen of Heav’n, the whirlwinds rose,

“ Loud rag’d the Tuscan surge, but rag’d in vain :

“ Through floods and flame to Italy’s bright shore

“ Unhurt their hoary fires and smiling babes they bore.

“ Vig’rous as the mountain Oak,

“ That shades the gloomy steeps around ;

“ Though oft’ beneath the woodman’s stroke

“ Its leafy honours strew the ground :

“ From ruin and from blood they rise,

“ And the keen wound new life, new fire, supplies.

“ Not Hydra fiercer rear’d her threat’ning crest,

“ Not Thebes renew’d the earth-born pest.

“ Whelm their proud honours in the fullen wave,

“ Serene they rise with light more dazzling crown’d ;

“ Crush’d in the fight, the vig’rous foe they brave,

“ And hurl th’ astonish’d Victor to the ground.

“ Earth founds their praise, and long the Latian Dame

“ Sings of her lord’s renown and mocks the vanquish’d name.

" Carthage, mourn ! thy sea-girt tow'rs
 " Ring no more with proud acclaim ;
 " No more the glad triumphant hours
 " Bring the heralds of my Fame,
 " Oh, Asdrubal !—within thy tomb
 " Our hopes, our fortunes share a common doom !
 " Fall'n, fall'n, the glories of our boasted name
 " Sink in everlasting shame !"
 The gen'rous fire that warms the Claudian line
 No toil shall damp, no selfish fear restrain ;
 Dauntless they rush, where Glory's banners shine ;
 And foes surround, and danger threats in vain.
 Serene as Gods they rule the storms of Fight,
 Led by protecting Jove and Wisdom's steady light.

ODE V.

TO AUGUSTUS.

O THOU, to Latium's woes in pity giv'n,
 Caesar, best offspring of indulgent heav'n!
 Too long does Rome with fond impatience burn;
 Fulfil thy promise, and at length return.
 The sacred Senate thy return demand;
 Return, and bless with light thy native land.
 Soon as thy presence, mild as vernal skies,
 Beams on thy People's long-expecting eyes,—
 Wing'd with new joys, the moments speed away,
 And brighter suns illumine the grateful day.

As some sad parent, when the winds detain
 Her much-lov'd son beyond the envious main,
 Through the long year each fond expedient tries,
 Pray'rs, omens, vows; and wearies Heav'n with cries,
 Her

Her dear, her long-lost offspring to restore;
 And eyes with wishful gaze the winding shore :
 Such, mighty Cæsar, is thy people's grief;
 Thus fondly, Rome demands her absent Chief.

O'er peaceful plains our herds securely stray,
 Where Joy and Ceres hold their smiling sway;
 Safe glides the vessel o'er the peaceful main:
 Clear faith unfullied shudders at a stain.
 No more adult'rous passion, free to rove,
 Wounds the chaste bosom of domestic love;
 Thy sacred laws the hateful vice restrain;
 And ancient Virtue re-assumes her reign:
 While, in the features of our rising youth
 The husband's likeness proves his consort's truth;
 And Guilt appall'd, where'er her footsteps bend,
 Sees awful Justice at her side attend.

Augustus reigns! then who, ye Gods! can dread
 The savage race in German forests bred;
 The quiver'd Parthian, or Iberian bold,
 Or Scythian, wand'ring in the Northern cold?
 'Midst his own hills the swain his labours plies,
 Till Sol descending paints the Western skies;
 Or

Or leads, to join its elm, the tender vine:
 Then homeward turns, and quaffs his gen'rous wine;
 And large libations on thy altar pours,
 Invokes thy presence, and thy name adores.
 Such rites on Castor grateful Greece bestow'd;—
 Thus honour'd great Alcides as a God.

Long may our Prince, our God-like Chief, remain
 To bless Hesperia with his happy reign!
 Such, Cæsar, are the grateful vows we pour
 At sacred Morning's calm unruffled hour;
 Such, when at Eve th' enliv'ning bowl we drain,
 And Phœbus sinks beneath the Western main.

ODE VI.

TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

BRIGHT God! whose arrows laid in dust

Niobe's high-vaunting pride;

By whose keen shaft, for impious lust,

Tityus, earth-born Monster, died,

Thou, whose swift-avenging dart

Crush'd the Pthian Hero's joy,

When, blind to fate, his youthful heart

Hop'd the fall of vanquish'd Troy!

Though oft' his Lance in deadly fight

Thund'ring, shook the Dardan tow'rs,

Though first of mortal men in Might,

Weak to thine his mortal pow'rs:

Like

Like some vast Pine the axe beneath,
 Or Cypress levell'd by the gust,
 The Warrior fell—he groan'd in death,
 His proud neck sank in Trojan dust.

Not he, within the fraudulent steed,
 Had lurk'd, by treach'ry to destroy
 Priam's race, condemn'd to bleed,—
 — Ilion, sunk in fatal joy:

Sternly from the Phrygian Dames,
 Ah, piteous! that fierce hand had torn,
 And hurl'd to feed the Grecian flames
 Lispering infants, babes unborn!

But—by thee and Venus won—
 Jove, with pity, view'd their woes;
 And, rear'd by great Anchises' son,
 Happier omen'd walls arose.

Bright author of Thalia's song,
 Who bath'st in Xanthus' streams thy hair,
 Great Agyieus, hear! and long
 Make the Daunian muse thy care.

From thee, bright God, my numbers flow ;
 By thee, I touch the sounding Lyre ;
 Phœbus ! to thy gift I owe
 A Poet's name, a Poet's fire.

Ye noblest of the Virgin train !
 Ye gen'rous Youths of lineage bright,
 Lov'd of her whose shafts restrain
 The rapid Stag—the Lynx's flight ;—

Listen to my Lesbian string ;
 Mark the cadence of my lays
 While, in festive strains, ye sing
 Dian's and Apollo's praise.

Phœbus, fair Latona's Son ;
 Dian, whose resplendent sphere
 Gives the circling month to run,
 And nightly swells the ripening ear.

Thus, e'er long a happy bride,
 Th' exulting maid may proudly say—
 “ When, borne on Time's flow-stealing tide,
 “ The hundredth year had roll'd away,

“ This

"This voice amid the tuneful throng

"Join'd to hail the festal day:

"'Twas Horace fram'd the grateful song;

"And lift'ning Heav'n approv'd the lay.

TO TORQUATUS
 THE snows are fled; and tender green once more
 Gilds in each grove, and brightens ev'ry mead:
 The leaping torrent calms its wintry roar,
 And glides in silence o'er its native bed.
 Charm'd with the sweetells of the vernal scene,
 The Graces scatter call their robes aside;
 And, link'd with Nymphs, along th' enamell'd green
 Their festive dance with airy footsteps guide.
 The changeful year, the Seasons as they roll,
 The circling hour that speeds each smiling day,
 With solemn voice to Man's unthinking soul
 The awful warning of his late convey
 When some on winding howling winds
 The wretched wretched year has roll'd away

ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

THE snows are fled; and tender green once more
 Buds in each grove, and brightens ev'ry mead:
 The less'ning torrent calms its wintry roar,
 And glides in silence o'er its native bed.

Charm'd with the sweetness of the vernal scene,
 The Graces fearless cast their robes aside;
 And, link'd with Nymphs, along th' enamell'd green
 Their festive dance with airy footsteps guide.

The changeful year, the Seasons as they roll,
 The circling hour that speeds each smiling day,
 With solemn voice to Man's unthinking soul,
 The awful warning of his fate convey.

From

From Spring's soft breath the churlish Winter flies,
 And Summer tramples on the blooms of Spring;
 Rich Autumn binds her sheaf, and Summer dies:

Anon pale Winter treads th' eternal ring.

The Seasons' loss a few short moons supply;

But what is Man, once past that mournful glade
 Where Tullus, Ancus, great Æneas lie?—

A mould'ring corse, a melancholy shade!

Thou know'st not, if to swell thy mortal date

An added hour is fix'd by Heav'n's decrees:

Then use thy wealth—'tis past the pow'r of fate:

No heir can grasp it, no rude chance can seize.

But, ah! when past the silent Stygian wave

Stern Minos seals thy honourable doom;

Nor lineage proud, nor eloquence shall save,

Nor Virtue snatch Torquatus from the tomb.

Not Dian's self, from that infernal shade,

Her lov'd Hippolitus can e'er regain;

And Theseus' valour strives with fruitless aid

To break his hapless Friend's Lethæan chain.

ODE VIII.

TO MARTIUS CENSORINUS.

WERE I with lavish fortune crown'd;
 I'd give to ev'ry Friend around
 Some Vase or Tripod rough with gold,—
 The Grecian warrior's prize of old:
 Nor should my Censorinus find
 The meanest gift to him assign'd;
 Could I the magic works command
 Of Scopas' or Parrhasius' hand;
 Whose bold creative touch beneath
 The soften'd marble learn'd to breathe,
 Or warm with life the colours flow'd,
 And rose a Hero or a God.

But gifts like these, of Regal cost,
 Nor you desire, nor I can boast:
 But Verse with pleasure you receive,
 And Verse the willing Muse shall give:

And

And while for thee she frames her lays,
Proclaim their value and their praise.

Not the proud pile a Nation rears
To grace the Chief whom worth endears,
Where deep-inscrib'd his glories live,
And bid him from the tomb revive—
Not the fierce Punic Victor fled,
("His * threats retorted on his head,")—
Nor e'en the bright vindictive fires,
Where Carthage wrapt in flame expires,
Around the Youth, whose deeds of fame
From conquer'd Afric won a name,—
Such deathless glories now diffuse
As thy sweet voice, Calabrian Muse!

If silent the recording strain,
Thy Virtues, Martius! shine in vain.
What honours had the Hero won,
Whom Mars and Ilia own their Son,
Had Silence wrapt in envious gloom
The Founder of immortal Rome?
The potent Bard's triumphant strain
Could Æacus from Death regain;

And waft him from the Stygian pool,
In Isles of endless bliss to rule.

The man, whom merit lifts on high,
Th' immortal Muse forbids to die :
E'en Heav'n itself the Muse bestows ;
'Twas thus renown'd Alcides rose
From Earthly toil 'midst Gods above,
To share th' ambrosial feast of Jove.
Hence Leda's Sons the seamen guide,
(Their bright Star beaming o'er the tide,)
And, from the yawning deep, restore
His shatter'd Vessel to the shore :
And Bacchus, hence, hath pow'r to bless
His suppliant's pray'r with wish'd success.

ODE IX.

TO LOLLIUS.

THINK not the Strain like vulgar verse shall die,
 Which by the roaring Aufidus I sing;
 The first who dar'd a new attempt to try,
 And tun'd to Latian sounds the Lyric string.

If Homer justly claim the foremost Crown,
 Yet Pindar's lays no humble height attain:
 The Cean bard is not to Fame unknown;
 Nor does Alcæus raise a vulgar strain.

Anacreon's muse defies the test of age;
 His sportive numbers unimpair'd remain,
 The soul of Love yet breathes in Sappho's page;
 And animates the warm impassion'd strain.

Bright

Bright Helen has not been the only Fair,
 Whose fatal charms have prov'd a nation's woe;
 Thrice hapless Ilion felt the ills of War;
 And Chiefs, e'er Teucer liv'd, had bent the bow.

Not Hector and Deiphobus alone
 Have risen Champions in their Country's cause,
 And nobly bled to guard a Father's throne,—
 Their Wives and infants, Liberties and Laws.

E'er Sthenelus or Idomen were known,
 Of valiant Warriors liv'd a numerous throng;
 And e'er Atrides wore the Grecian crown,
 Were Heroes worthy of the Muses' song.

But, unrecorded by the sacred Bard,
 Vain are their deeds and prowess in the fight;
 Their vast atchievements lose their just reward,—
 Sunk in the shades of everlasting night.

And lazy sloth attains an equal praise
 With Virtue's self, that pines unknown to fame;
 Then let not Lollius want a Poet's lays
 To waft to distant times his deathless name.

No!—

No!—by the Muse a tribute of renown
 To all thy mighty labours shall be paid:
 Her voice shall make thy glorious virtues known,
 And snatch thy worth from pale oblivion's shade.

Thy mind, with wisdom's richest treasure stor'd,
 By no extremes of changing fate controll'd,
 Contemns base fraud, disdains the selfish hoard,
 And mocks the pow'r of all-commanding gold.

Thy sway extends beyond the Consul's reign,
 While all low sordid views to justice yield;
 The Judge rejects the bribe with just disdain,
 And Virtue triumphs in the glorious field.

Call not the rich man happy: rather know
 That bliss dwells only in the virtuous breast:
 On him alone that envied name bestow,
 Whose virtues prove him worthy to be blest:

Who uses as he ought the gifts of God,—
 Who worse than death abhors a shameful deed,—
 Who dares to tread in Poverty's rough road,—
 And for his friends and Country bravely bleed.

ODE X.

AH, fair belov'd ! still cruel—lovely still !
 When that sad hour shall come, (as come it will)
 When on light wings thy short-liv'd youth shall fly,
 And ev'ry grace and ev'ry charm shall die ;
 When fall those tresses, that, with graceful ease,
 Now fan your neck, and court the wanton breeze ;
 When on your cheek that bloom no longer glows,
 That mocks the freshness of th' unfolding rose ;
 When in your glass an alter'd face appears
 The mournful ruin of devouring years,—
 Too late, alas ! you then may heave the sigh ;—
 Fond wishes ! Soft desires ! (you then may cry,)
 Why did ye ne'er my youthful breast explore,—
 Why, when I feel ye, blooms my cheek no more ?

ODE XI.

TO PHILLIS.

AN ample Cask I boast for mine,
 Rich with Alba's racy wine :
 Nine radiant summers now and more
 Have mellow'd the refulgent store :
 For thee, my Fair, my garden breathes
 With vivid greens and glowing wreaths ;
 And simple Ivy clusters there,
 Which best adorns my Phillis' hair.
 With glitt'ring silver laughs my board ;
 My Altar courts the pow'rs ador'd,
 And, wreath'd with sacred vervain bands,
 The fated Victim's blood demands.
 Around, my Youths and Maidens go
 With zeal officious to and fro
 Trembling wave the pointed fires ;
 The smoke in fable wreaths aspires.

Asks

Asks my Fair, what joys invite,
 And why this summons to delight?
 This day sweet April's month divides,
 O'er which the Cyprian Queen presides:
 A day so honour'd, lov'd, rever'd,
 My natal morn not more endear'd;
 For, from its blest auspicious light,
 Mecenas' years began their flight.

Proud Telephus, for whom you sigh,
 A Youth, fond Maid! for thee too high,
 A rich, an am'rous Nymph detains,
 The willing Captive of her chains.
 Let Phaeton's disastrous fall
 Each vain ambitious hope recall;
 Reflect—how, from his airy height,
 Hurl'd by the winged Courser's flight,
 Who scorn'd an earthly Lord to own,
 Bellerophon was rudely thrown.
 Reflect, and fill'd with rev'rent fear,
 Suit thy wishes to thy sphere;
 For greatness deem it guilt to sigh:
 And from a mate unequal, fly!

Then

Then haste thee, haste, my latest Love!
 (For none, henceforth, this breast shall move)
 Come, learn with me some untry'd strain,
 Which that lov'd voice may soon sustain;
 And far, far distant, while you sing,
 Black Care shall stretch his gloomy wing!

ODE XII.

ODE XII.

TO VIRGIL.

THE Thracian gales, Spring's gentle train,
 Whose soft breath calms the angry main,
 Each busy sail have spread;
 Keen frosts the meadow bind no more,
 Nor wintry floods impetuous roar,
 With snowy torrents fed,
 Sad Procne now, whom ruthless hate
 And vengeance for a Sister's fate,
 With guilt eternal stain,
 Intent her straw-roof'd shed to rear,
 Flits melancholy-wailing near;
 And mourns her Itys slain.
 On the green herb, the shepherd Swains,
 To the shrill pipe's piercing strains
 Their simple songs recite;

And

And charm the God, whom herds and flocks,
And dark Arcadia's gloomy rocks,
And Sylvan shades, delight.

Now thirst attends the sultry hours,—
But, Virgil, e'er my goblet pours

Calenum's nectar'd pride;

Since now you mix among the great,
Your fragrant nard shall buy the treat
Her gen'rous vines provide.

The little Casket, fill'd with sweet,
Shall soon from out its dark retreat

A mighty cask produce;
The potent bev'rage, treasur'd there,
Shall charm the bitterness of care,
And sweetest hopes infuse.

If these delights can touch thy breast,
Haste hither, and be quickly blest;

But bring the rich reward;
For I no unbought cups afford,
Nor spread, like Wealth's proud sons, the board,
With lavish pomp prepar'd.

Ah! think, how near the fun'ral fires,
 And haste from lucre's low desires,
 And toil and melancholy;
 'Midst graver thoughts let mirth arise,
 For transient mirth becomes the wise;
 And sweet is well-tim'd folly.

ODE XIII.

TO LYCE.

NOW, Lyce, now my vows are heard!
 Those vows my youth so oft preferr'd;
 For old you are, do what you will
 To seem a blooming beauty still.
 Yes! lost to shame, the goblet quaff;
 And strive with girlish air to laugh;
 Or faintly trill the broken note,
 That trembles in your lab'ring throat;
 And ev'ry feeble art essay
 To force reluctant love to stay!
 But he far other dwelling seeks,
 And basks in Chloe's blooming cheeks,—
 The Chian fair who sweetly sings,
 And sweetly strikes the trembling strings.
 From shrivell'd oaks the wanton hies;
 Thy rows of black'ning teeth he flies;

Thy front, which many a wrinkle shews;
 Thy head, where time hath strew'd his snows.
 Nor purple vest nor sparkling stone
 Recall the years for ever flown;
 And ev'ry register displays
 The scroll of thy departed days.
 Say, where's the matchless beauty seen,
 The rosy blush, the graceful mien?
 Say, where is Lyce now? ah, where
 The sweet, the love-inspiring Fair,
 That once with soul-dissolving sway
 Stole me from myself away,—
 And next to Cynara posselt,
 Each winning grace to charm the breast?
 But Cynara, (so fate dispos'd,)
 In beauty's bloom her triumph's clos'd;
 While Lyce here was left to grow
 To years beyond the long-liv'd crow:
 That ev'ry fervid Youth might see,
 Loud-laughing with malicious glee,
 The torch, which shot so fierce a ray
 In smoke and ashes fume away.

ODE XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHAT titles proud, what record of renown
 Can Rome, Augustus! to thy virtues raise?
 With what new gifts thy deeds of Glory crown,
 And spread through long futurity thy praise?
 Greatest of Princes! o'er each Land supreme,
 Where'er th' all-seeing Sun displays his golden beam.

Late the Vindelic squadrons felt thy sword;
 For soon as Drusus thy firm Legions led,
 The haughty tribes that scorn'd a Roman lord,
 Genaunian fiere, and rapid Breuni fled;
 And oft their tow'rs fell thund'ring to the ground,
 That on the Alps' proud height in gloom terrific frown'd.

And soon to fame the elder Nero rose;
 Nor less conspicuous grac'd the martial field,

When led by Fate to crush thy vaunting foes,
 Wild Rhætias' tow'ring sons he forc'd to yield.
 And Oh, what toil! what ruins! e'er he tam'd
 Breasts that rejoic'd to fall, by Liberty inflam'd.

Less terrible the South, whose sounding flight
 Wars with the whit'ning billows of the main,
 While, through the broken clouds ascending bright,
 The Pleiads dance, and lead their starry train;
 Than his fierce Ire, to shake th' embattled mead,
 Or plunge thro' thickest flames, his foaming couriers speed.

So rolls the flood, that beats with awful roar
 Apulia's rocks and Daunus' ancient reign,
 When, rising in his wrath, he threats to pour
 Wide-wasting deluge o'er the cultur'd plain,
 As Claudius' dreadful march (no blood-bought boast)
 With'ring their iron strength, oerwhelm'd the prostrate host

But thine the bands,—the ruling wisdom thine;
 And thine the Gods who sway'd that glorious morn,
 Which erst saw Egypt to thy arms resign
 Her spacious ports, and regal halls forlorn;
 And now, three Lustres past, it brings, to crown
 Thy days of triumph past, new conquest, new renown!

Thee, Cæsar! Thee, our glory and our shield!
 Whose guardian presence Latium's sons revere,
 Cantabrian chiefs, till now untaught to yield,
 Indian and Mede, and flying Scythian fear:
 Thee, mighty Nile, who hides his secret head,—
 Thee, Danube's furious wave and rapid Tigris dread.
 E'en the wild Ocean, that with ceaseless roar
 Breaks on Britannia's rocks his distant wave,
 E'en fierce Iberia venerates thy pow'r;
 And Gaul that mocks the terrors of the grave.
 While grim Sicambrian chiefs, whose joy was blood,
 Yield their submissive arms, dejected and subdued.

ODE XV.

THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS.

APOLLO, when I tun'd the string,
 Of wars and vanquish'd realms to sing,
 Check'd with his golden Lyre th' aspiring strain;
 And bade me fear the threat'ning gale;
 Nor rashly stretch my little sail,
 'Midst the wide tumult of the Tuscan main.
 Thy age, Augustus, sees again
 Our vallies wave with golden grain;
 Sees the lost ensigns ravish'd by our foes,
 From Parthia's haughty temples torn,
 To Roman Jove in triumph born,
 And War's grim portals clos'd in long repose.

By

By thee, proud vice is taught to fear;
 Wild licence checks her mad career;
 And ancient arts reviving lift their head;
 Thole arts by which our glory grew;—
 By which the Roman Eagle flew
 To farthest Orient from Sol's Western bed.

While blest with thee, nor foreign might
 Nor civil rage our joys shall blight,
 The tranquil joys thy guardian cares bestow:
 Nor anger, that in vengeful mood
 Whets the sword athirst for blood,
 And o'er the madd'ning nations scatters woe.

Not Indian tribes, not Getæ wild;
 Nor Parthia's sons in treach'ry skill'd;
 Nor they, who drink of Danube's rolling tide,
 Or dwell, where dreary Tanais flows
 Thro' cheerless wastes and frozen snows;
 Shall dare thy Julian Edicts to deride.

But we, when scenes of festal joy
 And solemn pomp our hours employ,
 While Bacchus pours his mirth-inspiring treasure,

And

And scatter'd round, a smiling band,
 Our matrons and our children stand,
 Praise the blest Gods, and sound the strain of pleasure.

To ev'ry sacred pow'r be brought,
 The ancient rites our Fathers taught:
 Then to soft Lydian flutes be sweetly sung,
 The praise of Chiefs in battle great,
 Anchises' love, and Ilium's fate;
 And the bright Race from heav'nly Venus sprung.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

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